

A CONTEST:

Why I Like Duxbury. . .

(A decade ago the *Clipper* ran a "Why I Like Duxbury" contest. Dixon White, who lived on Washington St. took top honors. The *Clipper* editor's Harvard classmate, Russell Seaver, was runner up, and Blanche B. (Mrs. William) White won the third prize. Here are the essays, which so well reflect dear old Duxbury. -- Ed.)

By Dixon White

Duxbury is many things to me and my family. It is a Colonial home on a quiet street. It is a white sail on blue water. It is a winnowing black duck at sunset. It is a rural mailbox standing sentry duty by a rose covered arbor.

Duxbury is a lonely sweep of beach. It is gnarled pitchpine or a blackjack oak. Duxbury is an

autumnal cranberry bog. It is the laughter of children in the distance on a winter day. It is the smell of salt and the sound of surf. It is the feeling of hot sand under bare feet.

Duxbury is a stately white church rising out of green foliage. But Duxbury is more than all this. Duxbury is a vibrant way of life. It is a prime example of Town Meeting government: government by the people, of the people and definitely with the people's best interests at heart.

Some towns are perfectly nice places in which to live. Our town is more than this. It is vitally alive and has a personal character which has been chiseled out of an adamant Yankee heritage.

As evidence of my sincerity, I submit my mortgage. I love my town.

By Russell Seaver

A Brief Catalogue Without Prices

Duxbury is full of foolish dogs, knowledgeable cats, and brash youngsters - none of whom would admit aloud to loving Duxbury, but do stare thoughtfully out of car windows at Boston's tawdry approaches.

Duxbury is a sweet and sour duel with the changing seasons that makes the Floridian seem comatose and the Californian unadventurous.

Duxbury is having your lawn cut in the morning by the ex-Harvardman you are playing bridge with in the evening - the cost of the 2 encounters being about the same.

Duxbury is the neighbor up the road who appears on his tractor and plows out your driveway as a matter of course. Duxbury is raking scallops from a 14-foot boat in a half-gale at 6 a.m. of a 10 degree morning with your minister and your mailman, miserably happy in being self-

sufficient for the day.

Duxbury is where the eccentrics are regarded with envy and the completely normal with suspicion. Duxbury is a town of humming, vibrant news - its carapace, our weekly *Clipper*, but behind that immaculate front, a daily thousand cups of instant coffee cooling in 100 living rooms, are witness to the more colorful fabric of our lives.

Duxbury, to make us all more comfortable, is a little short of heaven on earth. But when Peyton Place turns up, the censure is humorous, the malice amiable - the transgressor is given, not isolation, but room.

Yes - we, here, have our roots down and a tenuous grasp on the vanishing varieties: the stately file of cedars to the marsh; the twisted, undefeated beachplum, the daily drama of tide and sun; the warm reward of physical struggle that lets us believe that we belong here.

By Blanche B. White

Duxbury is different things to different people.

I like "prim and proper" Duxbury for her valiant efforts to bind her ties with antiquity by voting against paved sidewalks, and by voting for zoning laws to fend off a too-rapid expansion. Her manners are staid, her judgements severe, but the majority rules, and her prudent decisions in many matters have kept her on the "best-seller" list.

I also like relaxed Duxbury, with its million-dollar school, its luxurious houses as modern as tomorrow, and its Frostbiters, because it symbolizes a healthy growth in the town's progress in education, business and recreation.

Because of its beauty and location, I dearly love that "Gem-of-Nature" Duxbury, situated on the South Shore of Massachusetts, bounded on the East by blue Duxbury Bay, a sandy

home"; the newcomers, who enjoy the comforts and conveniences of present-day living while dwelling in the midst of the town's glorified and storied past. I like these people because from these varied groups come the loyal, hard-working, dedicated persons who keep the town functioning.

Duxbury is not Utopia, but I like it because to me it is a safe harbor in which to weather life's blows.

. . . AND A LETTER:

Why I Hate the Clipper!

When the *Duxbury Clipper* switched from a free-distribution to paid-circulation basis in 1963, we expected that some of our involuntary subscribers would sound off in language colorful to the effect that they wouldn't pay a nickel for another copy of the *Clipper*.

The fact that we were then writing a sequel to *Put It On The Front Page, Please!* with the tentative title of *Cancel My Subscription, Please!* might have had something to do with our hope that violent reactions would be recorded.

Well, nobody slammed the *Clipper*. Nobody said it was too left, too right, too backward, or too forward.

Then we received a letter from a former Duxbury resident, Mrs. Howard Douglas of Garden Grove, California.

Dear *Duxbury Clipper*:

I HATE the *Clipper* because it makes me homesick as all get-out.

I HATE the *Clipper* because it is one of the very last rural papers to have the little news items in it which people want to know

beach, and the grey Atlantic Ocean, and whose western boundaries encompass lush green woods, little brooks and ponds, and red cranberry bogs. I love it in every season of the year, in all kinds of weather, from the goldenhot days of summer, to the snow-white cold days of winter.

I love the sea gulls, the clams, the marshes, the mudflats, the elm trees, and the bayberry bushes.

I like the Duxbury of "people," too - the natives, who are the selfappointed "keepers-of-the-traditions"; the summer residents, who contribute much to the economy and beauty of the town; the repatriated-natives, who have found out "there's no place like

I HATE the Clipper because I lived and grew up in a small town, where vital information such as Mr. and Mrs. X returning from a shopping trip to Boston, or the church picnic was given priority over the national and international world crises, bickerings, backbitings, and hoopla; your paper gives each person and your own town priority over Khrushchev, Ooomba Boombah, Fidel Castro; which makes me MAD, because our local so-called "family newspaper" has graduated from this type of news.

I HATE the Clipper because it still does not give pre-eminence to Elizabeth Taylor, Queen Elizabeth, Vietnam, or the latest doings and misdoings (hey, what about the undoings?) of "Jack and Jackie." Our paper does, rehashing the same tripe over and over again. It makes me mad because the Clipper does not.

The Clipper is infuriating, too, because the government releases by the ton, the bushels of garbage spewing from the UPI, the AP, and all the other spider-like INFORMATION has no place in its pages.

As for the progress, in 1946 we moved here from a town in Massachusetts; there were 3,200 residents; it was full of orange groves, one high school, 2 elementary schools. NOW, 16 horrible progressive years have brought us 104,000 residents, 27 elementary schools and our 6th high school, and every crook, gangster, chiseler, bum, and delinquent from the other 49 states. Every orange grove has been bulldozed, every tree likewise, and thousands of tract houses occupy the former pasturage. Our taxes are exactly 125 percent more, although our home is 16 years old....

And here the letter from Hilma Douglas of Garden Grove, California, ends, leaving us in doubt....She says she HATES the Clipper, but will she cancel her subscription? She didn't.